

The Poor Gift OF JOHN WOOD, BELL-MAN:

PRESENTED

To his Worthy MASTERS in the Parish of St. GEORGE'S-SOUTHWORK. 1675.

I am your Bell-Man, dwelling in my Cell,
I walk in Darknes, yet you know me well;
I am your Light when no Sun doth appear,
And bring you tidings that the day draws neer:
And every Morning at your Doors I knock,
To see that all is found, both Bolt and Lock:
And for my Care and Pains, I make no doubt,
You'll Pay me well before December's out.

For St. Michael's day.

ST. Michaels Strength, whom God Armed to be
A Prince and Guardian to thy Seed and thee:
Refr, Happy Church! although the Serpents Tail
O're almost half the Stars of Heaven prevail,
To throw them down, yet be not thou affright,
For whose Defence such Hosts of Angels Fight:
For what is that our Great God cannot do?
He speaks the word, the Devil's subject too.

For St. Luke's Day.

Read those two Books the which St. Luke did
In this the Acts of God, in that of Men; (pen
And tell me whether the Church e're had a man
That writ more Truths than our Physician:
And we do Read, that He, above the Rest
Our Saviour's Doleful Passion hath express'd:
Then to our Hearts His Doctrine let's apply;
Thou glorious shall we be when e're we dye.

This day we ought all Saints days to celebrate;
But I am not able for to apprehend
How many Saints at thy Bright Throne attend:
He leave it unto better Wits t' express;
In my weak Judgment this I must confess,
We may be Saints; nothing there is more sure;
But without Faith we cannot Heaven procure.

For the Gunpowder Treason.

Romes Miter'd Shepherds Rage like Wolves &
With Ireful Teeth the Flocks they ought to tend:
For we by sad Experience daily know
Nothing but Mischief from that Crew doth flow:
That Vicar, Rome's High-Priest most like to be,
This Days Curst Fireworks teach Dreadfully:
Doubtless the Devil taught this murthering skill,
And those are his Curst Imps that use it still.

For St. Andrews Day.

Andrew hearing the Christ brings Peter in,
True Converts strive each others Soul to win:
Andrew enquires where Christ did dwell, and He
Answers him quickly, he must come and see:
Tis not enough to hear Him Preach'd, O Man,
Nor that alone that makes a Christian;
Unless thou com'st to Christ, and with thine Eye
Of Faith survey the place where he doth lie.

For St. Thomas his Day.

Thomas it's true, thy late Dead Master stands
Before thy Eyes, thou feel'st his Sides & hands:
But yet blest Saint, by thy Good Lord's Consent,
Thy Hands did feel those Holes the Nails had rent,
And that the Spear had made within his Side,
Then never man with greater Favour cry'd,
My God, My God! O happy, happy Tongue,
That Feemingly so great an Anthem Sung.



FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Why didst thou send thine Angel, Lord, to tell
Poor Shepherds first of this great Miracle:
The Birth of the Messiah, which had been
News for the Stateliest Court t' have glory'd in?
Was't to shew that in these Heavenly things,
Poor Swains oft get the start of Mighty Kings?
Or was't because that He, whose Birth was told,
Himself was the Great Shepherd of the Fold?
Cease we not then with Blessed Spirits to Sing
An Holy Anthem to our Heavenly King.

Glory to God on High, on Earth be Peace;
And let Goodwill towards Christians never cease.

For St. Stephen's Day.

Thy Name, Great Steph'n doth a Crown denote,
And thou indeed a Goodly Crown hast got;
The first Rich Crown that ever Martyr wore,
That Witness to his Glorious Master bore:
Christ by his Sufferings past unto his Throne;
And thou thy self unto thine own art gone;
Where now thou Reign'st, O thou most Happy Man,
That in one Combate, such a Kingdome wan.

For St. John's Day.

Twas not for nought, Great John, thou didest
Thy Head upon thy Holy Masters Breast (rest
But thou desir'd'st those Heavenly Gifts that none
Of all the Twelve e're had but thou alone:
It was thee, filled with Coelestial Light,
The Story of our Saviour's Life did Write:
But thou alone in one sweet knot did twist,
Prophet, Apostle, and Evangelist.

For Innocents Day.

Weigh but those Sins and Sorrows Age doth bring
And you'll conclude it is a happy thing
To die betimes, and so prevent those Woes
Which he that longer Lives still undergoes.
This was your case, sweet Babes, you early dy'd,
And so, Blest Souls, the fewer Evils try'd:
Then weep not Rachel that thy Sons are slain,
For by their Death a Kingdome they did gain.

When some time shall I see thee with Holy Fire,
Let Prayers kindle thee with Holy Fire.
For Faithful Prayer pleaseth God and turns
His Wrath to Mercy, when his Anger burns
And those that do neglect and will not Pray,
Are always Travelling in the wrong way.

On Mans Mortality.

Man's Life like to a Flower we may compare,
That for a time doth Spring and Flourish fair;
But suddenly its Beauty doth decay:
Even so doth Man's Life waft and wear away.
His Generation's taken off and Spent,
And wrapt together as a Shepherds Tent:
Even as a Watch in th' night so are his years;
In fine, a thing of nothing he appears.

On Death.

Doubtless full of sinners course,
Death takes us for better and for worse:
For when Death comes, his fatal blow to strike,
The Rich, the Poor, to him are all alike.
Then since we are so plunged during breath,
And have so quick a Carver as is Death,
Let us all Worldly Vain Affections leave,
And piously prepare our selves to dye.

TO CONCLUDE.

*Tum felix Domus est, & tum numerosa Supellex,
Cum pius Dominus, & bene parata Domus.*

Happy the House, the Goods whereof excel;
When th' Owner's Godly, & those gotten well.

Good SIRS, my Duty I am free to do,
And 'tis my hope to please you too;
When ever I shall see you face to face,
Unill I shall say my Bell:

Thanks, Masters kind, for what you do me give,
I wish that you most Happily may Live;
And when you die, you be receiv'd to Rest,
To Live with Saints and Angels always Blest.